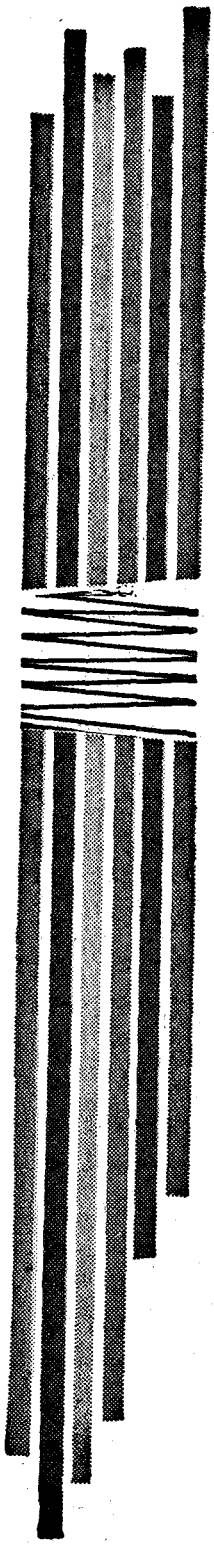
THE
NATION

June 15, 1964 . . 35c



India Tomorrow
James Tracy Crown

Paralyzed Witnesses:
The Murder They Heard
Stanley Milgram & Paul Hollander

The Pension Mirage
Merton C. Bernstein

REVIEWS

Justice in Moscow
Harold J. Berman

Suicide and Scandinavia
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LETTERS

Guilt by acquiescence

Oradell, N.J.

Dear Sirs: The German people have been condemned for their acquiescence in the system of physical violence and murder their government directed against Jews and other German citizens before and during the Second World War.

Yet the system of violence used by local governments in the South to intimidate the Negro, as typified by Jerry DeMuth's "Tired of Being Sick and Tired" in your June 1 issue, seems to me to be of very much the same structure. Again we have the citizen of the country aware of this ultimate insult to human morality but doing little about it. Again we have the situation in which the perpetrators of the violence carry government authority and operate under a façade of law.

This matter of violence, and in particular violence at the hand of the law, is of a different order of magnitude than the other socio-economic Negro problems; it should be dealt with by more radical legislative and executive actions than are currently proposed.

Jonathan Winson

No strings

Waxahachie, Tex.

Dear Sirs: I protest the paternalism of your May 25 editorial, "How Long Do We Take It?" I protest the assumption that the United States is entitled to be obeyed by Haiti. By what right? Of course they take the aid. They do what they are required to do to get the aid. If we want more for our money, we can say so. We can make it part of the deal, part of the contract. We can require Duvalier not to request the recall of our ambassador. Spell it out in the documents: "In return for aid, the Government of Haiti agrees not to request the recall of the American ambassador."

What else do we want for our money? That the Haitian Government should not expel any Catholic bishops? Very well, make it part of the deal, all spelled out. No expulsion of Episcopal bishops, either: make that a condition of the aid. . . .

We have gone down there to Haiti to give them aid without strings, and then claim there were strings on it, so that we end up assuming we have a sacred, money right to complain about anything the Haitians do, including their handling of religion in their own country. . . .

A. D. Emerson

There are strong arguments for recognizing governments in being (see "Nonrecognition: The Diplomatic Trap" by Richard A. Falk, *The Nation*, May 4), but there is no argument for giving money to governments that show no intention of using it for the good of their nations and their peoples. Duvalier has proved himself unwilling to apply our loans to the welfare of his state. We do not recommend that Washington put strings on the money; we recommend that they cut off the money—*Editors.*

Clarification

Their curiosity piqued, several readers have written in to inquire about our "Editor's Note" (*The Nation*, Apr. 20). With what particular judgments or personal references to individuals in John Simon's review of *The Deputy* (Mar. 16) does the editor disagree? For the record, then, neither the editor nor the publisher agrees with Mr. Simon's statement in the review made with reference to Herman Shumlin and Jerome Rothenberg—namely, "the kinds of vulgarity and pretentiousness with which Shumlin and Rothenberg have long been identified."

Editor

New power

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: My hat's off to you and your magazine for the new depth, power, style and sweep it has taken on in the last few issues. Your emphasis on the moral and human commitment in all aspects of our culture imbues it with the true feeling of art.

The drawings, cartoons and lithos bring this all alive in a most meaningful way. . . . And, of course, there is Harold Clurman to . . . give it intense focus. . . . Clurman would be great in any age — in our time of decadence he is a real miracle.

Jim Colwin

Pinching the bigots

Beaumont, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Civil rights are a property right, and the property involved is more vital than any other property—in fact, the basis for the existence of all other property rights. It follows logically, to me, that an individual whose rights have been violated is entitled to compensatory and, perhaps, punitive damages from the guilty party, especially if that party is a governmental agency. . . .

Why not a new procedure in civil rights cases? A man who believes his rights to have been violated could file a complaint in federal court. The court, following a procedure similar to that in criminal cases under state law, could call a hearing to determine whether reasonable cause exists to believe the individual's civil liberties have been denied to him. If the finding is affirmative, all of the plaintiff's legal expenses could be assessed against the defendant. . . . *Bill Barger*

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The California Primary

Goldwater's victory in the California primary was not unforeseeable; it was neither as "surprising" nor as much of an "upset" as it is being made out to be. Kimmis Hendrick in these pages (May 11, p. 472) wrote that the Rockefeller-Goldwater race was "about even" and so it turned out to be. While it is appalling that more than a million adult Californians should consider Goldwater qualified for the Presidency, it is not surprising. In the past, and notably during periods of rapid population growth, California voters have demonstrated a grotesque lack of political judgment; they once narrowly missed sending a religious demagogue (Rev. Robert Shuler) to the U. S. Senate. But the fact that California should have preferred Nixon to Kennedy and Goldwater to Rockefeller is more an indication that the state has failed to develop the political maturity to match its new-found eminence as the most populous state than it is a reliable forecast of any national trend.

Assuming a Goldwater-Johnson confrontation in November, what then would be the prospects? The opposition would be by no means ideal; Goldwater is not a conservative, and President Johnson is not the liberal beau ideal. In the prevailing conservative ambience, a Goldwater-Johnson race would align a right-wing extremist against a middle-of-the-road Democrat. But *on the issues*—civil rights, welfare legislation, foreign policy, domestic programs of all kinds—there would be a clear and obvious choice. On the issues, this would certainly not be a case of Tweedledum versus Tweedledee, nor would it be in terms of judgment, balance, political skill, perception.

At the same time, there would be no grounds whatsoever for complacency. Goldwater's nomination would place in jeopardy the liberal or moderate Republicans in both the House and Senate who are up for re-election this year; the effect of the California primary was immediately felt in Congress in the cloture fight. President Johnson is not immortal, nor is he assured of victory in November. Choice there would be, on every significant issue, but whether voters would elect to exercise it or how they would exercise it are other matters. The so-called "white backlash" is not a political fantasy (as a study of working-class precincts in Gary, Ind., and Baltimore, Md., clearly indicates), nor is a debacle in Southeast Asia unlikely. A consistent belittling of the long-term trend to the Right in American politics largely accounts for the relative ease with which the right wing seized control of the Republican Party in California. Less happened in California, one commentator wisecracked, than meets the eye, and in a sense this is true. California, in many respects, is still "the great exception" in American political behavior, but in the past it has also been, on occasion, a harbinger of things to come.

The Taboo Span

The time span on taboo subjects is narrowing — a matter of considerable concern to us here at *The Nation*. Time was when on most forbidden subjects we had a comfortable lead, often as long as a decade and a half. The only disadvantage to being so far out in front was that by the time the taboo disintegrated, even our readers had forgotten that we first tagged the subject.

The draft is one instance of relatively speedy taboo decay. We began attacking it as far back as January 10, 1959, when John C. Esty's "Dilemma of the College Student: Draft Dodger or Patriot?" appeared. The swing-around is now nearly complete. In another case it is only beginning. On December 5, 1959, we ran Sir Compton Mackenzie's article taking a poke at the intelligence industry, "Parasites with Cloaks and Daggers: The Spy Circus." More specifically, with Fred Cook's piece on the CIA (June 24, 1961) we again had a temporary monopoly but, in accordance with classical economic theory, it did not last. Some time back murmurings of protest became audible, and now criticism of the CIA has swelled to a chorus. A forthcoming book by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross, *CIA: The Invisible Government* (Random House), is an indication of how the time span is narrowing.

A section of the Wise-Ross book is featured in the June 16 issue of *Look*. "There are two governments in the United States today — one visible, the other invisible," it begins. The invisible government, with the CIA at its heart, "gathers intelligence, conducts espionage and plans and executes secret operations all over the globe." Old stuff that, but the situation is even worse than it appeared, and that was bad enough. Trusting citizens assumed that at least the Invisible Government was under the control of the National Security Council. Not at all. Most decisions are made by a small directorate known as "the Special Group." The Vice President does not belong to this select body, and during the first hour of his first full day as President, Mr. Johnson was conducted by McGeorge Bundy to the Situation Room deep in the bowels of the White House. There, surrounded by top-secret maps and electronic machinery, Mr. Johnson was briefed by John A. McCone, Director of the CIA. This was his real accession to the powers of the Presidency.

Today in Congress one hears a rising criticism of the CIA. For the moment it may not amount to much as far as the agency's world-wide machinations are concerned, but at least some of the truth about this detestable incubus is at last reaching a larger public. One facet that enterprising and courageous Congressmen might well explore is the CIA's domestic operations. Although intelligence matters within the United States are supposed to be handled by the FBI, the

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CIA has offices in twenty cities around the country. It has relations with universities, research institutes, publishing houses, foundations, certain so-called "cultural committees," certain *émigré* committees. It is high time that a committee of the Congress looked into some of these activities. Specifically, who finances the *émigré* groups, particularly those that get out expensive slick-paper magazines and publicity material? And what about those foundations that refuse to give even an indication of the activities they subsidize? There is no end of headline-making material in this area for any Congressional committee willing to serve a few subpoenas. Since the CIA is no longer sacrosanct, why not take a look?

The Old Slave Market

The rioting and bullying in St. Augustine, Fla., though hardly a rumble by Birmingham standards, has an importance all its own, since it points up so well how much of what is happening could be prevented if the federal government really cared.

Nine months ago the Florida Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights held an open meeting in St. Augustine to hear grievances. It was boycotted by all city and county officials and by all invited businessmen. From Negro leaders the committee learned that the ruling St. Augustine clique took down "White Only" signs only a few days before a visit of then Vice President Johnson, to impress him with the town's honeyed race relations — and to woo his support of a $350,000 bill pending before Congress to help pay for the St. Augustine Quadricentennial.

The committee learned, too, that four teen-age Negro children who had participated in sit-ins were subjected to "hot box" treatment in jail and finally whisked off to the state reformatory.

Fairchild Stratos Corp., the community's largest employer, not only discriminated against Negroes in its hiring but warned those few it had hired that if they participated in demonstrations they would be fired.

All this and more was reported to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights in Washington, with recommendations that the commission try to stop payment of the $350,000 for the quadricentennial, suspend federal contracts to Fairchild until it quit harassing Negroes, and seek to cut off all federal funds to the state of Florida until the innocent Negro children were released from prison.

Also, warning that "as it stands today St. Augustine is a segregated super-bomb aimed at the heart of Florida and the fuse is short," the committee begged the full commission to come down and hold a hearing. The committee is weak; the commission has subpoena powers.

Nothing came of the suggestions. The commission, which would not send itself to prevent the rioting, has sent an "observer" to watch it. Johnson, who dispatched four dozen FBI men to protect Florida railroad property from mischievous strikers this spring, has ignored pleas to send federal marshals to protect race pickets from armed thugs. And so we come to the final irony of whites and blacks fighting in the old slave market which, with Washington money and best wishes, will be appropriately spruced up for St. Augustine's 400th birthday.

Mowing Them Down

The state police of Connecticut, early in June, presided over a series of staged collisions between large American cars and small foreign cars, to determine which group suffers more in a head-on crash. As anyone who studied high school physics would predict, the little cars were knocked for a loop. Curiously, though, no one apparently thought to pile a couple of the big jobs into each other—that really produces a dramatic heap of metal. Perhaps a clue to why that test was skipped can be found in the post-impact observations of Police Commissioner Leo J. Mulcahy, who said candidly, "We want to create buyer resistance to small cars. . . ."

That, certainly, is one way that the lesson can be drawn from the staged accidents, and we may be sure that Detroit will spread the word. (As it happens, the tests took place in happy coincidence with the announcement of the industry's plans for 1965. According to a *Wall Street Journal* story of June 2, almost every new car will be bigger than its predecessor.) An equally persuasive moral to be drawn, however, is that the highway juggernauts are a menace and should be so labeled and treated. For example, cars larger, heavier and more powerful than the present standard compacts could be obliged by law to display danger flags in the manner of explosives trucks, keep to the truck lane on all major highways, and be restricted to a speed 10 miles an hour below the maximum.

The Poor Man's Nuclear Bomb

Only four nations now possess nuclear bombs and only one has used them in combat, and that was nineteen years ago. The "Nth power problem" is disarmament terminology for control of nuclear bombs when N nations have them, N being any number greater than four. It is a foreboding prospect, but there is some reassurance in the fact that only a highly industrialized nation can produce nuclear bombs. Understandably, most observers have taken refuge in the Biblical adage that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

It may be, however, that a variant of the Nth power problem will be on us sooner than we think. The Israelis are showing increasing anxiety over the Egyptian rocket program, which has been carried on with the assistance of West German engineers. It would be difficult to imagine a country less adequately equipped to produce nuclear bombs than Egypt, and Colonel Nasser's statement that his rockets will contain only conventional explosives may well be true. But it may not be the whole truth. He may be contemplating radiological warfare — producing local-

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ized radioactive fallout without a nuclear explosion. This possibility was probably discussed in the recent talks between President Johnson and Israeli Premier Levi Eshkol.

Two British papers, *Spectator* (May 8) and *New Scientist* (May 14), contain informative articles on radiological warfare. Everyone is familiar by now with radioactive fallout. A nuclear bomb manufactures radioactive isotopes of varying life and intensity when it explodes; a "clean" bomb is one in which this activity is minimized, a "dirty" bomb one in which nature is allowed to take its course — or the bomb may even be designed to be as dirty as possible. The isotopes may, however, be obtained elsewhere; every nuclear reactor produces them and they must be got rid of periodically. Some of them are useful as tracers in medical procedures and for other radiological purposes, but they are produced in such quantities that their disposal is a major problem. Colonel Nasser, deploring this waste and having sworn to drive the Israelis into the sea, may be planning to use radiological means to do so. He has not had much success with conventional arms.

He has said that his rockets can hit any target south of Beirut. This takes in all of Israel. TNT could be used in combination with a suitable isotope; the function of the explosive would be only to scatter the radioactive material. The chief difficulty is in obtaining and handling the material. Nasser is said to have tried to buy half a million curies of radioactive cobalt from Canada. Since radioactive materials are so abundant, they may be bootlegged by enterprising weapons brokers in the future. As for handling, there are certainly serious difficulties. In general, the more intense the radioactivity, the shorter the life of the material: it is a perishable commodity. But a compromise may be possible; zinc-65, for instance, is listed as both a beta and gama emitter with a half-life of 250 days. At the very least, a rocket charged with TNT and an isotope would seem to have possibilities as a terror weapon, to force evacuation of a city, or interdict passage through a militarily or economically important area. This version of the Nth power problem will bear watching, especially in the Near East. It presents another argument for disarmament and stringent arms control with sanctions to back it.

The Socialist Convention

LAMBS WITH A DREAM . . . . . Jean Martin

Chicago

In these days of moneyed politics, a Socialist Party Convention stirs up a mixture of political nostalgia —of the thirties, the New Deal, dogmatic Marxism, die-hard intellectualism, with perhaps just a dash of anarchy, all attaching a fiery aura to the name "Socialism." But the apple sellers have gone to other markets, the "New" Deal is dated, and one wonders what those 1964 Socialists are like who are still around holding a bag of empty causes. Time itself has dignified the Socialist predicament, and nowadays the Socialist "tradition" and its "classic concepts" sustain the followers. In fact, most Socialists now tend to think of themselves, not as a nonactive American minority but as the American extension of the *right* wing of European socialism — a comforting alliance that adds considerable cheer to what might otherwise be the too bleak prospect of carrying the torch by a party which, at the outside, numbers 1,200 members nationally. Even that 1,200, the result of a recent stirring of interest in the old Socialist precepts, is a considerable advancement over the McCarthy days when, as one party member put it, he literally knew every Socialist in the country by first name.

Socialist conventions are held regularly, McCarthyism or not, in even-numbered years. Delegates number between seventy-five and 150—this year's being a respectable ninety, plus sixty or so alternates, visitors, and lookers-on.

The 1964 convention took place in the Maryland Hotel, a slightly down-at-heels hotel situated in the center of Rush Street's glittering demimonde. The Socialist convention was a distinct disappointment to the neighborhood since it was composed largely of middle-class, serious-minded delegates with no interest whatever in the night clubs or steak houses—the last of the small-time spenders.

The convention got itself going around noon in one of those public rooms of indiscriminate décor (this one was wicker and glass brick) with a discussion of convention rules. Scattered about the room, waiting for the action to begin, was the expected quota of young, tousle-haired, horn-rimmed intellectuals, plus one or two laconic and uninvolved young Negroes, but for the most part the conventioneers were 50-year-old middle-class men in sports shirts without ties, some white-haired, elder-statesman types with foreign accents, and a few hard-bitten ladies whose dress was characterized by a complete absence of high fashion. Everyone looked a little sallow, dim and tired, and there was little evidence of intellectual *élan*, social polish or humor. On two tables stood piles of mimeographed materials—*Hammer and Tongs*, the party organ, as well as pleas and proposals addressed to the convention by various comrades. Most of it was couched in the lurid semantics of the thirties. As it turned out, this was the first and merest trickle of printed material which was to come from the convention; socialism, it would appear, is the readingest politics there is. Indeed, most members seem to have

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drifted into the party via their reading. Once in, they continue the habit, reading incessantly and obsessively.

The convention opened officially with a welcome by Darlington Hoopes, who looks like a Rotarian but was Socialist candidate for President in 1952 and 1956—the last times the Socialists put a candidate on the national ballot. Hoopes greeted the ninety delegates from California, Boulder, Philadelphia, New Jersey, etc., addressing them in a kind of Civil War politesse which no one seemed to take too seriously. Toward the close of Hoopes's talk, Norman Thomas entered at the back of the room and there was a stir which eventually worked itself into a standing ovation. Thomas is a big-boned, gaunt man of 80 whose face shows its skeleton outline but whose eyes still gleam with humor. He can no longer physically endure the rigors of conventioneering, but looks on with a kind of benign skepticism. Part of his benignity was directed to the platform where a young intellectual who resembled a mild version of Wendell Willkie was vainly attempting to get some life into the goings-on. This was Michael Harrington, whose book about poverty, *The Other America*, has made him willy-nilly into a party power. President Kennedy is reported to have asked for a copy of the book and his interest is later supposed to have manifested itself as Johnson's War on Poverty.

The oddity of Harrington's party position is that his prestige comes largely from recognition outside the party, and that members, while aware of the credit his book reflects on the party and cheered by the reawakening of the cause of poverty dear to the hearts of all Socialists, are still not "sold" on Harrington himself. Harrington, 36, has a background of Holy Cross, Yale, the University of Chicago and a history of never having been "a poor boy" which parallels that of arch-conservative William Buckley; but Harrington's Catholicism, humanism and belief that "socialism is the most profound Western tradition for social change" have carried him far in the opposite direction. Thomas holds him in high and warm regard, but that is distinctly the minority view. Most of the comrades distrust Harrington's attempt to make the party once more into a functioning instrument by suspending its seemingly insoluble internal differences. One of the first papers put before the convention was the Harrington proposal to suspend debate among party factions. The young people of the party feel that Harrington may "yet go either way"; the oldsters say they will wait to see if he "stays in the party." All of them suspect that should the party realign as he suggests, they would find themselves under the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, a prospect not pleasing to all. Harrington is not too much concerned with the party's opinion of him; he points out that were he politically ambitious, socialism would be the quickest way to oblivion. The Socialist Party itself admits that it is a three-headed organism, possibly even a four-or-five-headed one. The three main wings of the party are:

(1) Those who feel that socialism belongs under the auspices of a new labor party.
(2) Those who feel that Socialists should join the liberal wing of the Democratic Party.
(3) Those who believe socialism must remain independent and preserve the Socialist Party per se.

These views are complicated by a fourth group which contends that socialism has no party potential whatsoever and should confine itself to carrying Socialist concepts into whatever mass movements are receptive to them. These irreconcilable points of view are mired in the nicety of Socialist Party procedure, which holds that even a majority should not impose its beliefs on a nonbelieving minority, and the situation is even further confused by yet a fifth group which holds that the party will never get anywhere unless it puts forward a Presidential candidate.

So one of the first questions voted on at the convention was the perennial one of putting a candidate on the national ballot, even on a write-in basis. But after it was pointed out that campaign expenses have become prohibitive, and that state voting procedures now make it possible to get a Socialist candidate on the ballot in no more than four or perhaps five states (none of which have active Socialist groups), the question was voted down. After that, Harrington's realignment proposal was given a comma-by-comma examination by the delegates, and Thomas and Harrington adjourned to another room for a press conference. In the glare of the TV camera lights, with a professional TV personality to do the interviewing, the convention took on the palest glimmer of national convention glamour, but it was only a flicker. Thomas, obviously an old hand at press conferences, conducted himself adroitly and stated with preconceived conviction that Goldwater is dangerous in the field of foreign policy because "he shoots from the hip." He was gratified by Johnson's "conversion" in office, and thought that Humphrey might be a good choice for vice presidential candidate: "He's the kind of Democrat I like—the kind that if he'd ever gotten to England might have been a Socialist." He himself will never run again ("after six times it gets to be kind of a joke"). After a short interview with Harrington about his book the cameras shut down and the young lion and the old one went back to the convention, which was still splitting hairs and then tabling them. By the time the convention adjourned for the day a laborious hacking and hewing at documents by ninety delegates with ninety axes was established as the "working" pattern.

In the evening there was a lecture program at the University of Chicago's Mandel Hall; it had been well publicized and the place was packed. To the drab party membership was now added a mixture of long-legged blond girl students, Negro boys in sneakers, young liberals, and here and there a black-stockinged beatnik. After giving Thomas a standing ovation, the youngsters relapsed, chin in hand, to hear the Socialist position. Harrington gave them an impassioned picture of the potential role of socialism in a society rendered chaotic by automation. An experienced campus lecturer, he attributes young people's apathy to the world they are going into—one that offers them mainly the prospect of working for a big corporation. Thomas' speech — which he read from manuscript—was a "first farewell address"; the students applauded him warmly but the party comrades sorely missed the fiery orator of the old days. One of them said that Thomas was once such a lively speaker he had trouble ac-

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commodating himself to microphones when they came in, but now he gave only a polite, soft-spoken summary of the wisdom of his particular lifetime.

The next morning the comrades reassembled at the Maryland to begin the onerous task of writing the domestic policy portion of the platform, a party platform being regarded as useful mainly for publicity purposes. This year the committee decided to make the War on Poverty the main plank and to lump all other issues, including civil rights, under this heading. Accordingly, since it was *The Other America* which had supposedly helped trigger the war, another Harrington document had been published in *Hammer and Tongs* for the delegates' pre-convention study. This paper was now subjected to the long, tedious process of combing through and splitting semantic, emotional, ideological hairs—and finally passed hours later "in essence." Among its proposals were a thirty-hour week and a $2 minimum wage.

By ten that evening the delegates reassembled once more in the convention room for a social evening, having employed the afternoon in eliminating a sheaf of proposals for a foreign-policy platform (including one by Thomas himself) and deciding to use as the basis for discussion a patchwork of all the proposals put together by a committee. The evening celebration had much the air of a union-hall dance, though the delegates were not, by and large, laborers. There was a man from Washington, D.C., who worked for a stenotype company, a Chicagoan who worked with IBM machines, a New Jersey railroad signal tower man, and a sprinkling of teachers. The evening's entertainment was by a 19-year-old "freedom" singer who had lately taken up folk singing in jail after sit-ins at real estate offices in Chicago's affluent North Shore suburb, Evanston. A buffet of rye bread, cheese, bologna and coffeecake, and a bar whose $200 minimum guarantee to the hotel was a source of concern to some party members, provided the refreshment. The tone was informal, the conversation unworldly—a strange camaraderie based on emotion. A contingent of very young students had come along with the folk singer and when he began to sing *We Shall Overcome* there was a spontaneous joining of hands between young and old. It was a touching moment, as the young and old came together without really touching intellectually. The old, remembering back to *their* causes, watched the young with *their* new cause—civil rights—and there was a warmth and a sense of belonging, a sense of working together for an unselfish end, that must in the last analysis be put down as the chief attraction of socialism. For while its ideas may appear dangerous to some, its party members assuredly are not. Standing and holding hands in the ring they seemed like shorn lambs—political lambs with a dream, a dream with a kick in it, but after all a dream.

The last day of the convention produced a flurry of efficiency. The foreign-policy platform, which is mainly for disarmament down to a police status, was adopted in broad outline and referred to the national committee. The convention closed, the comrades went home, presumably to read mimeographed copies of the 1964 platform.

While the Socialist Party still carries its dogma of former days, it seems now like a very old dragon indeed. Waking from a long nap, it is again looking about interestedly, but its fires are banked. Perhaps Harrington's new humanism can spark it into prominence, perhaps the years ahead when thousands become jobless through automation will make it once more viable; meanwhile its party comrades carry its concepts earnestly among themselves. They seem, on close acquaintance, not embittered radicals but incurable hopefuls whose lives have touched on two times, who are dwarfed between two major political parties, and caught between two worlds. There they stand—one foot on this imperfect earth and the other rooted stubbornly in their own particular political heaven.

The Pension Mirage . . . . . Merton C. Bernstein

In the war that has been declared on poverty, scant attention is being paid to the economy's veterans—the retirees and those about to be mustered out of the ranks of the employed. We had better look to their problems soon because, behind the crisis of unemployment, another crisis is building. Whenever automation displaces workers, whenever a plant lays off hordes of workers or a whole company shuts down, the workers not only lose their jobs, but a high proportion of them also see their expected retirement savings wiped out. This happens because private pension plans are out of phase with changing patterns of employment.

For example, when Studebaker, after forty years of operation, closed its last plant in the United States, the sudden unemployment of its several thousand workers made headlines across the country. Unreported was the second tragedy: the disappearance of the expected retirement savings of more than five out of six employees still on the payroll. Simply stated, the Studebaker pension fund, limited to this one company, had insufficient money to meet the valid claims built up over decades of service. Luckily, there was enough in the account for those already retired and for another 1,100 who were beyond 60 and immediately eligible for retirement. Of the remaining 5,700 employees, the bulk—3,900—were older than 40 and had worked more than ten years for Studebaker. This group was entitled under the terms of the plan to the "vesting" of their credits; that is, a legally binding promise to pay a man, at 65, benefits in accordance with his term of service. Vesting is intended to protect those who, having earned substantial credits in a

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retirement plan, may leave the company or be dismissed before reaching retirement age. Unfortunately, at Studebaker, as is common, the obligation was limited to the resources of the fund, which ran dry meeting the claims of retirees. Hence the other long-service employees lost both job and expected pension savings; and, of course, so did the other 1,800 workers who were not yet 40.

This story is being repeated across the nation when plants close or lay off their workers because of rapidly changing technology, defense emphasis, export markets and consumer patterns. Sometimes pension credits mean nothing because the cupboard is bare—as with the Packard shutdown in Detroit a few years ago. More often, displaced workers lose pension credits because their plans do not contain vesting provisions or because the qualifying conditions are too stringent.

We have yet to awaken to the full dimensions of the financial pickle of the elderly—who are becoming more numerous and constitute an ever larger portion of the population. At present, more than 17 million Americans have reached 65, the arbitrary age at which our social security system and most private pension plans permit retirement with full benefits. Ever since World War I, the working life of the average American has been getting shorter, while the average life span has been lengthening. Pension plans have established a retirement age for many enterprises, and often it is compulsory. So fewer and fewer of the aged will have jobs; yet they will be living longer than people have in the past.

On what will they live? The mainstay of most retirees and their widows is social security, as the Old Age and Survivors' Insurance program has come to be known. Despite a series of major improvements that began in 1950, social security benefits, if not supplemented, maintain people in a style to which none of us wishes to become accustomed. Retired workers receive from OASI an average of about $76 a month ($80 for men and $60 for women); couples average $125 (a husband and wife over 65 receive 1.5 times the husband's primary benefit). Alas, widows average but $58 a month—or a not so grand total of $696 a year.

Because social security benefits in the 1940s were so inadequate—far below even today's modest scale—unions began to bargain hard for employer-financed pension plans as part of the wage- and working-condition package. Starting in World War II, and more markedly since the onset of the Korean conflict, the plans have multiplied. They were facilitated for employers by favorable tax treatment and the phenomenal increases in value and earnings of the stock in which more and more of the pension funds became invested. So today, it is estimated—unfortunately no one really knows—that something more than 43,000 plans with assets greater than $66 billion "cover" perhaps 23 million working people. (Of course, that's a good deal less than the 43 million nonfarm employees who work full time, and the figure rises to 80 million if seasonal workers are included.)

But being covered carries no assurance of receiving a pension. Approximately 85 per cent of the employees covered are in single-employer plans which condition pension eligibility upon retirement at 65 after long service with the company; alternatively, "vesting" is available to employees separated from a job *if* they are over age 40 or 45, *and if* they have worked continuously for that one company for ten or fifteen years. The catch is that the ups and downs of the economy keep people moving in and out of jobs by the millions. Nor is the seniority enjoyed by many older workers a sure defense against displacement; the category of work to which their seniority attaches may be wiped out.

Rapid shifts in defense production are probably the most dramatic job destroyers. A Congressional decision to discontinue a plane or missile can cost tens of thousands of jobs in a matter of months. Scrapping the Skybolt missile caused one company to lay off 1,700 workers within days; 2,000 to 3,000 were dropped thereafter. One subcontractor alone separated 3,200 employees. In the aggregate, these changes are enormous. From a postwar high of 928,000 in 1957, aircraft employment dropped to 640,000 in 1960.

Technological change—of which, I suggest, we've seen only the beginning—eats up jobs by the hundreds of thousands. A short time back, some evangelists of automation declared that jobs would be made, not lost, as it advanced. Even if that should prove to be true, new devices *displace* workers, and not only from factory jobs but from service and white-collar positions.

Competition from overseas, shifts in domestic tastes, shifts in the population profile (more babies, more oldsters, fewer people in their middle years), changes in demand for goods and services all mean a shifting pattern of consumption; that in turn means a high job turnover—and many lost pension credits. Technological developments often make it advantageous for a company to shut down an old plant and build a new one nearer markets or sources of supply. Such shifts are facilitated when new techniques free the employer from dependence on a skilled labor supply.

Some companies, usually under union pressure, consent to partial benefits for separated employees, but the law has yet to compel such payments. Without exception, the courts turn down employee pleas to preserve pension credits earned before a merger, mass layoff or other organization switch. The judges usually do not look beyond

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the precise terms of the plans themselves, which rarely provide for plant or unit shutdowns, mergers and the like. Courts overlook the fact that employer contributions to pension plans have come to be regarded and dealt with by both companies and unions—and, indeed, by Congress in several major pieces of legislation— as a form of compensation. In effect, the employees are denied part of their pay.

In one such shutdown which went into litigation, some 10,000 jobs were lost and with them all pension credits; even employees who would have reached retirement age during the span of the current collective bargaining agreement (some with twenty and more years of service) lost all the potential value of pension credits. In another plant shutdown case, employees within a few weeks of age 65 were fired, and thereby lost all their retirement benefits. On occasion, an employer who shuts down recaptures the use of the funds that had been set aside for pensions.

Obviously, most existing pension plans do not fit rapidly changing employment patterns; the courts are unimaginative and wooden, and the Treasury Department has been doing too little too late. Other remedies are required.

The prescriptions usually offered for improvement are vesting—for

(*Continued on page 612*)

India Tomorrow . . . . . James Tracy Crown

What is reasonably certain about post-Nehru India and what is mere speculation?

It surprises many observers that, despite New Delhi's free press, famed hospitality and "Westernness," little more is known about high-level decisions in India's capital than about the inner workings of the Kremlin. A certain cultural ambiguity has enabled Delhi's decision makers to channel Western reporters on an arid circuit of political gossips to highly generalized interviews and public relations handouts.

Pandit Nehru conducted the top level of Indian Government along the lines of an oriental court; the way to get things done was to attend upon him in his office and at home. Mrs. Indira Gandhi, his daughter, was influential in government because she was hostess in his home and had much to say about who got in and what information got out. It is no disparagement to say that she has been one of the great court politicians of our time. Similarly, Krishna Menon, after his removal from the Defense Ministry, exercised continuing influence, particularly in foreign affairs, because he maintained generally good relations with Mrs. Gandhi, and from his home on the Prime Minister's estate was easily called across the garden for consultation with Nehru.

Within the discreet shelter of his court, Nehru had been, in fact, painfully and debilitatingly ill ever since India's last political campaign in the spring of 1962. This sad fact tells us something reasonably certain about India in the near future — a collegial arrangement has evolved in the last two years which can run the government of India. With strong support from others, its three key members have been Lal Bahadur Shastri, Gulzarilal Nanda and Indira Gandhi.

After the initial clamor of choosing a successor to be the first among almost equals, such a team will go on running things for the time being. India's affairs may continue to run downhill, as economically and diplomatically they have been doing for the past two years, but they will at least run. Neither sudden ruin nor startling improvement should be expected.

All those years of deceptive talk about Nehru's dictating a successor drive us back to a more careful reading of the record. In more than one press conference Nehru was asked about the "machinery envisaged for the selection of a future leader." His typical answer was: "The party, of course, will have to elect him." If the organization is ignored, "then the whole Congress Party goes to pieces." Nehru's confidant, Krishna Menon, failed to pass the test of the organization and, despite Nehru's respect and affection for him, had to assume a secondary role. Nehru's daughter could not be thrust upon the organization without grumbling resistance, so in all probability she will have to settle for a cabinet post.

The sprawling Congress Party is like Hinduism in its ability to absorb and hold the most volatile and contradictory factions. Also like Hinduism, it could sap the strength of reform, leaving only the husk. Nevertheless, Nehru correctly estimated its essential role in the governance of the country.

Out of respect for the role of his party, then, Nehru did not name a successor. What he did do was narrow the choice to a group most acceptable to him and to his estimate of what India would accept. Through all his Byzantine maneuverings, Nehru seemed steadily to shape the choice toward a moderate Fabian-type Left, and to avoid a head-on clash between a doctrinaire Right and a doctrinaire Left. After he had been pushed into dismissing his two anchors of the staunch Left, Krishna Menon and K. D. Malviya, he turned on the strong conservatives, removing Morarji Desai and S. K. Patil. All these men retained staunch followings, but remained outside government. Meanwhile, Nehru elevated his home minister, Lal Bahadur Shastri, to a position where he would be thought of as deputy prime minister. Gulzarilal Nanda, a moderately doctrinaire leftist but an effective political personality, he moved to the key position of home minister. He chose the highly competent Kamaraj as Congress Party president. This Madrasi is a commoner and disinclined to permit an economic or religious aristocracy to dominate government; at the same time he does not frighten those elites. As minister of finance, Nehru selected a kind of Indian technocrat, T. T. Krish-

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namachari, who was likely to serve ably under whatever government succeeded.

Within this team Lal Bahadur Shastri, having unmatched administrative and political experience and the widest range to his art of ideological compromise, was the logical party choice for prime minister. But neither he nor any democratically chosen prime minister in the foreseeable future is likely to be a Nehru-type prime minister. He must head a collective leadership which will depend, much more than did Nehru, upon powerful members of the cabinet and increasingly powerful chief ministers in the individual states. He seems likely to continue his friendly rival G. Nanda in the powerful position of home minister, an office with strong authority over the civil service, the government police agencies, and central intelligence.

Shastri's most significant appointment could be the appointment of his lifelong friend Mrs. Indira Gandhi, now aged 46, to the foreign ministry, but an interesting side development might be his attempt to associate the spiritual and idealistic leadership of Jayaprakash Narayan more closely with the government.

Even in death Nehru holds center stage in discussions about the new government. Most of the talk about his successors had to do with whether or not they would continue the three policies upon which he had staked the future of Indian government: secularism and democratic socialism at home, and nonalignment abroad.

Shastri, along with Indira Gandhi and G. Nanda, is firmly committed to these three cornerstones, which are increasingly attacked at home and from outside the country. In the area of economic planning, however, Shastri, while remaining a moderate Socialist, is more flexible than Nanda or Gandhi. This smiling, slight, appealing figure can easily encompass within his cabinet rather narrow capitalists who sigh, "At least Shastri (who has never left India) is not the London School of Economics type."

The 59-year-old, 5 ft. 2 Shastri, who is almost universally respected for his honesty and patriotism, can spin cloth after the manner of his idol, Mohandas Gandhi (who was, incidentally, not related to Mrs. Indira Gandhi), and he teases his

Lal Bahadur Shastri

colleagues in public for possessing too many suits of Western clothes. They, in turn, twit him for drinking Coca-Cola through a straw. One visitor has compared his conversational style to that of Eddie Cantor. He abandoned the practice of yoga after a heart attack in 1959, but on the whole he is much more Indian and much less Western than Nehru. As with other Indian politicians, the benches of Shastri's office and home groan with persons of all ranks who seek his personal intervention in their behalf. He sees them all.

It is immediately obvious that Shastri is a modest man, and his major fault is an excessive urge to please everyone, but his over-quoted remark, "I am a mediocre," is belied by a long history of reasonably decisive action. In a country beset by socoal disruptions, it is of great significance that the new prime minister is a man toughened by responsibility for security forces at either the state or national level during most of the years since 1947.

Watching him quietly address Delhi audiences at the time when the Chinese were attacking in the north, the author noticed the reassuring bond of confidence which Shastri, surely no crowd mover, established with his audience. It was evident, also, that his extensive trouble-shooting flights around the country on Nehru's behalf helped restore a degree of confidence and a sense of command to India's alarmed officials.

Despite Shastri's moderating influence, his ideological conflict, tempered by opportunism, will continue to play a part in the Indian power struggle. One anchor on the Left will be G. Nanda, who has been at various times labor minister, deputy planning minister and home minister. He was a founder of the Socialist "ginger group" of Congressmen who published the militant democratic leftist *Socialist Congressman.*

Mrs. Indira Gandhi's strong bond with that wing of the party, which includes former minister of mines K. D. Malvyia, is demonstrated by her letter of last January, congratulating the group for having the courage to: "stand steadfastly for the ideology of the Congress. Although these policies have been repeatedly declared and accepted by our party they are often misinterpreted and heartily criticized. Constant reiteration, clarification and elaboration are therefore essential."

Mrs. Gandhi, a fierce supporter of nonalignment in foreign policy, is also rather close ideologically to another hero of the Left, Krishna Menon. While she takes pleasure in overruling that strong-willed diplomat when she sees fit, she has shared much of Nehru's admiration for Menon's negotiating abilities since her father first sent her to do volunteer work with him in London's India League in the mid-thirties. Since the new government is weak in experienced diplomats, Menon may again be used on special assignments for which his background is pre-eminent. Menon, for his part, will remain a spokesman within the party for socialism and nonalignment. It is most unlikely that he would head a party of his own, since that is not where his talent lies.

The Communist Party of India could revive quickly, given economic chaos, but at present it is so divided by the Moscow-Peking quarrel, and so sullied by the Chinese border assault, that it has little to offer even to a united front.

The Left in India will continue to be supported by the pro-Menon weekly *Link* magazine, the ably edited daily *Patriot,* and the propagandistic weekly *Blitz.* Most of the press, however, like the financial and industrial community with which it is allied, will continue to support the center or right wing. Morarji Desai, 68 years old, a po-

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litical power in Gujerat state, is a strongly conservative and rather rigidly orthodox Hindu who drinks neither tea, coffee nor soft drinks. He will remain a favorite of the Right, along with S. K. Patil, former food minister in Bombay state. While Nehru long accepted Desai's able service as finance minister, he took care to jockey him out of position for succession. If he was reserved toward the right wing of his own party, Nehru was even more scathing toward small but influential minor parties on the Right. In a 1962 campaign remark often quoted by Indian students abroad, Nehru declared: "Right-wing parties are the greatest threat. I think nothing can be worse than the right wing, because the right wing means going back to an ancient world, to feudalism, and I can't stand the feudal concept of India. It means ignorance, decay, stagnation, and all that leads to the death of a nation."

The remark applies most aptly today, not to conservatives in Congress leadership, but to the RSS (or National Self-Service Organization), a Fascist-type group, whose program is to make of India, by force if necessary, a fanatically orthodox Hindu state—which would be a disaster for India's 40 million Moslems, as well as for a great many others. This secret organization which, it has been alleged, is "the knife hand" of the Jan Sangh Party, an orthodox religious minor party, is strongly suspected of manipulating recent bloody Moslem-Hindu religious conflict for its political advantage. These animosities pose the most serious immediate challenge for the new government.

The army leadership in India is not, as in some countries, firmly allied with the right wing, but neither is it as apolitical as its British heritage might suggest. In fact, all Indian parties, as well as foreign governments and armaments salesmen, flirt with the army, which now has grown to between 800,000 and a million men. The army leadership has no strong political program of its own to push, but should it feel discredited or undermined by a faltering government, there is no reason to believe it would act differently from armies under similar circumstances in other developing countries.

Any consideration of the weaknesses of Indian democracy requires at least passing reference to the ambiguous role of the president, who constitutionally can dismiss parliament, dissolve state governments, exercize other broad emergency powers, and act as commander in chief of the armed forces. There are no clear checks on this power, such as are usually provided in parliamentary systems with written constitutions; in this area, India relies upon British traditions which, unfortunately, are not India's. The government has thus far sensibly evaded the problem by screening out any would-be dictators from the office. It is easy to imagine confusion, however, if in time of trouble the country were faced with a strong president and a vacillating prime minister.

Despite these real ideological and other potential sources of conflict the element of compromise at the national level of government remains strong enough, in the short run at least, to maintain continuity. The vital question is not the Delhi power struggle, but the more somber question of whether any conceivable government can meet the staggering problems that face the country. However much confidence the collective abilities of the successor group in Delhi may inspire, there is no indication that it possesses some special political magic unavailable to Nehru for harnessing the country's programs. There is strong indication that in the last two years population growth has begun to pull ahead of economic growth. Tens of millions of Indians remain in a condition of poverty as severe as when Nehru came to power. The deficits in the third Five Year Plan seem destined to be greater than those of the second. Some impressive advances in steel, cement and hydroelectric power can hardly offset for the bulk of Indians who live in or near villages the failure of agriculture to feed adequately a population increasing at the rate of 12 million a year. Grain consumption now appears to be below the minimum nutritional level. Both wheat and rice are in short supply, with resultant hoarding and inflation.

More Indians are voicing the fear that America's shipments of wheat have been built into the nation's agricultural scheme, thus convincing indifferent officials that they need not hurry about making India self-sufficient in grains. Ironically, American grain deals with Russia now make future aid from the United States an unreliable calculation. The agricultural problem is complicated by the continuing pattern of large land holdings and agricultural credit rates that recall China in the 1940s.

While one can understand Indian irritation with the almost obscene foreign concern about their country's population increase, the fact remains that the birth rate is a greater challenge to the future than China's military prowess. Nehru was never a serious supporter of family planning, and there is little indication that top members of the new government are inclined to give major support to population control. The problem of economic development is therefore the more complicated.

One of the greatest disillusionments of Nehru's declining years was not just that China—a country with which he wanted only friendship—attacked his troops in the north, but that much of the world seemed not to accept India's version of what had occurred. Afro-Asian groups, in particular, simply clung to the view of China that India had so long urged upon them: a country that had undergone a profound social revolution, had won the hostility of the West thereby, was mainly preoccupied with internal matters and unlikely to pose an immediate threat to the outside world, and in any event was now one of the major powers and must be treated as such.

Nehru found himself in the peculiar position of having to join the United States and (irony of ironies) the Soviet Union in a tacit policy of containing China. He bravely sought to do so without formal alliance and without granting foreign bases to his tactical allies. This new and more difficult kind of nonalignment is likely to be pursued by the present government.

Considering that a basic aim of any country's foreign policy must be to defend its borders, Nehru left a dark future on the north. China, having removed the buffer of Tibet, is now trying to make Nepal and Sikkim and Bhutan her buffers against India. Always hostile, Pak-

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istan has effected a meaningful *rapprochement* with China. Another neighbor, Burma, which long had faith in the military ability of India, is also making its arrangements with China. Even to the south, Ceylon now seems better disposed to China than it was before the assault on Indian troops in the north. The quarrel with Pakistan seems at the moment even more difficult to settle than the border conflict with China, since the Pakistan issue is more deeply structured into Indian domestic politics.

In addition to Pakistan, and more recently China, India feels uneasy about the United States. American intelligence inspections accompanied the U. S. shipments of arms during the border fighting, and India is now a segment in General Paul Adams' Strike Command operating out of McDill Field, Fla. The "nonaligners" listened glumly early this year when U. S. Navy Secretary Nitze moved to fill what he called a "power vacuum" in the Indian Ocean.

Since the top figures in the successor government seem to be "nonaligners" they will probably continue to maneuver short of a full American embrace, and in doing so seem crochety if not shortsighted to the State Department. Fear of growing dependence upon America may also hasten moves for a settlement with China. In February, Shastri pleaded with parliament for "a realistic view." "We have to ask ourselves whether we want war or peace," he warned; "in human affairs one cannot always take a fixed or rigid view."

The Murder They Heard

Stanley Milgram and Paul Hollander

Catherine Genovese, coming home from a night job in the early hours of an April morning, was stabbed repeatedly and over an extended period of time. Thirty-eight residents of a respectable New York City neighborhood admit to having witnessed at least a part of the attack, but not one of them went to her aid or even so much as called the police until after she was dead.

We are all certain that we would have done better. Our indignation toward the residents of Kew Gardens swells to a sense of outrage. The crime, or more precisely, the lack of civic response to it, was so vile that Senator Russell of Georgia read the *New York Times* account of it into the *Congressional Record*. The fact that it *was* Senator Russell is an indication of the complex social reactions touched off by this neighborhood tragedy.

It is noteworthy, first, that anger is directed, not toward the crime, nor the criminal, but toward those who failed to halt the criminal's actions. It is a curious shift, reminiscent of recent trends in moralizing about the Nazi era. Writers once focused on the sins of the Nazis; it is now more fashionable to discuss the complicity of their victims. The event is significant, also, for the way it is being exploited. Senator Russell is but one case in point. In his home state, several brutal murders of Negroes have taken place before large crowds of unprotesting white onlookers, but the Senator has never felt called upon to insert reports of *these* brutalities into the *Record*. The crime against Miss Genovese no longer exists in and of itself. It is rapidly being assimilated to the uses and ideologies of the day.

For example, the Kew Gardens incident has become the occasion for a general attack on the city. It is portrayed as callous, cruel, indifferent to the needs of the people, and wholly inferior to the small town in the quality of its personal relationships. The abrasiveness of urban life cannot be argued; it is not true, however, that personal relationships are necessarily inferior in the city. They are merely organized on a different principle. Urban friendships and associations are not primarily formed on the basis of physical proximity. A person with numerous close friends in different parts of the city may not know the occupant of an adjacent apartment. Some hold this to be an advantage of the city: men and women can conduct lives unmonitored by the constant scrutiny of neighbors. This does not mean that a city dweller has fewer friends than does a villager, or knows fewer persons who will come to his aid; however, it does mean that his allies are not constantly at hand. Miss Genovese required immediate aid from those physically present; her predicament was desperate and not typical of the occasions when we look for the support of friends. There is no evidence that the city had deprived Miss Genovese of human associations, but the friends who might have rushed to her side were miles from the scene of her tragedy.

A truly extraordinary aspect of the case is the general readiness to forget the man who committed a very foul crime. This is typical of social reactions in present-day America. It begins to seem that everyone, having absorbed a smattering of sociology, looks at once beyond the concrete case in an eager quest for high-sounding generalizations that imply an enlightened social vista. What gets lost in many of these discussions — and what needs at least a partial restoration — is the notion that people may occasionally be responsible for what they do, even if their acts are criminal. In our righteous denunciation of the thirty-eight witnesses we should not forget that they did not commit the murder; they merely failed to prevent it. It is no more than clear thinking to bear in mind the moral difference.

A related and equally confusing error is to infer ethical values from the actual behavior of people in concrete situations. For example, in the case of Miss Genovese we must ask: did the witnesses remain passive because they thought it was the right thing to do, or did they refrain from action *despite* what they thought or felt they should do? We

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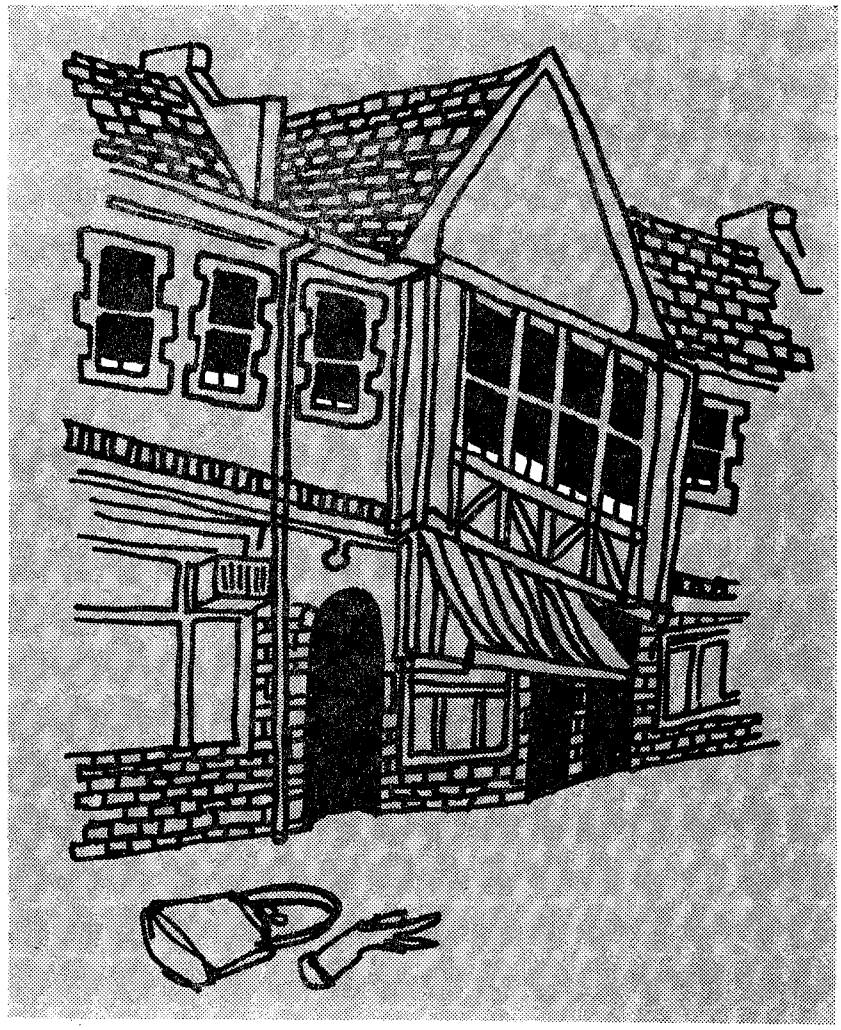
cannot take it for granted that people always do what they consider right. It would be more fruitful to inquire why, in general and in this particular case, there is so marked a discrepancy between values and behavior. What makes people choose a course of action that probably shames them in retrospect? How do they become reduced to resignation, acquiescence and helplessness?

Those who vilify the residents of Kew Gardens measure them against the standard of their own ability to formulate high-minded moral prescriptions. But that is hardly a fair standard. It is entirely likely that many of the witnesses, at the level of stated opinion, feel quite as strongly as any of us about the moral requirement of aiding a helpless victim. They too, in general terms, know what *ought* to be done, and can state their values when the occasion arises. This has little, if anything, to do with actual behavior under the press of circumstances.

Furthermore, we must distinguish between the facts of the murder as finally known and reported in the press, and the events of the evening as they were experienced by the Kew Gardens residents. We can now say that if the police had been called after the first attack, the woman's life might have been saved, and we tend to judge the inaction of the Kew Gardens residents in the light of this lost possibility. That is natural, perhaps, but it is unrealistic. If those men and women had had as clear a grasp of the situation as we have now, the chances are that many of them would have acted to save Miss Genovese's life. What they had, instead, were fragments of an ambiguous, confusing and doubtless frightening episode — one, moreover, that seemed totally incongruous in a respectable neighborhood. The very lack of correspondence between the violence of the crime and the character of the neighborhood must have created a sense of unreality which inhibited rational action. A lesser crime, one more in character with the locale — say, after-hours rowdiness from a group of college students — might have led more readily to a call for the police.

The incongruity, the sheer improbability of the event predisposed many to reject the most extreme interpretation: that a young woman was in fact being murdered outside the window. How much more probable, not to say more consoling, was the interpretation that a drunken party was sounding off, that two lovers were quarreling, or that youths were playing a nasty prank. Bruno Bettleheim, in *The Informed Heart*, describes how resistant many German Jews were to the signs around them of impending disaster. Given any possibility for fitting events into an acceptable order of things, men are quick to seize it. It takes courage to perceive clearly and without distortion. We cannot justly condemn all the Kew Gardens residents in the light of a horrible outcome which only the most perspicacious could have foreseen.



Harry Moss

Why didn't the group of onlookers band together, run out into the street and subdue the assailant? Aside from the fact that such organization takes time, and that the onlookers were not in communication (who in such a community knows his neighbor's phone number?), there is another factor that would render such action almost impossible. Despite our current fears about the contagion of violence in the mass media, the fact remains that the middle-class person is totally unequipped to deal with its actual occurrence. More especially, he is unable to use personal violence, either singly or collectively, even when it is required for productive and socially valued ends.

More generally, modern societies are so organized as to discourage even the most beneficial, spontaneous group action. This applies with particular sharpness to the law-abiding, respectable segments of the population—such as the people of Kew Gardens — who have most thoroughly accepted the admonition: "do not take the law into your own hands." In a highly specialized society such people take it for granted that certain functions and activities—from garbage collection to fire protection; from meat certification to the control of criminals—are taken care of by specially trained people. The puzzle in the case un-

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der consideration is the reluctance to supply to the police even the barest information which it was essential they have if they were to fulfill their acknowledged functions.

Many facts of the case have not been made public, such as the quality of the relationship between Miss Genovese and the community, the extent to which she was recognized that night, and the number of persons who knew her. It is known that her cries for help were not directed to a specific person: they were general. But only individuals can act, and as the cries were not specifically directed, no particular person felt a special responsibility. The crime and the failure of community response seem absurd to us. At the time, it may well have seemed equally absurd to the Kew Gardens residents that not one of the neighbors would have called the police. A collective paralysis may have developed from the belief of each of the witnesses that someone else must surely have taken that obvious step.

If we ask why they did not call the police, we should also ask what were the alternatives. To be sure, phoning from within an apartment was the most prudent course of action, one involving the minimum of both physical inconvenience and personal involvement with a violent criminal. And yet, one has to assume that in the minds of many there lurked the alternative of going down to the street and defending the helpless woman. This, indeed, might have been felt as the ideal response. By comparison, a mere phone call from the safety of home may have seemed a cowardly compromise with what should be done. As often happens, the ideal solution was difficult, probably dangerous; but, as also happens, the practical, safe alternative may have seemed distasteful in the light of the ideal. Awareness of an ideal response often paralyzes a move toward the less than ideal alternative. Rather than accept the belittling second-best, the person so beset prefers to blot out the whole issue. Therefore, he pretends that there is nothing to get upset about. Probably it was only a drunken brawl.

The symbolic significance of "the street" for the middle-class mentality may have some relevance to the case. Although it cannot explain in full the failure to grab the telephone and call the police, it may account in part for the inertia and indifference. For the middle-class resident of a big city the street and what happens on the street are often symbolic of all that is vulgar and perilous in life. The street is the antithesis of privacy, security and the support one derives from contemplating and living amidst prized personal possessions. The street represents the world of pushing and shoving crowds, potentially hostile strangers, sweat, dust and noise. Those who spend much time on the street have nothing better to do and nowhere better to go: the poor, the foot-loose, the drifters, juvenile delinquents. Therefore, the middle-class person seeks almost automatically to disengage himself from the life of the street; he is on it only from necessity, rarely for pleasure. Such considerations help explain the genesis of attitudes that prevented the witnesses from making the crucial phone call. The tragic drama was taking place on the street, hence hardly relevant to their lives; in fact, in some ways radically opposed to their outlook and concerns.

In an effort to make the strongest possible case against the Kew Gardens citizens, the press has ignored actual dangers of involvement, even at the level of calling the police. They have treated the "fears" of the residents as foolish rationalizations, utterly without basis. In doing so they have conveniently forgotten instances in which such involvement did not turn out well for the hero. One spectacular case in the early fifties, amply publicized by the press, concerned the misfortune of Arnold Schuster. While riding in the subway this young Brooklyn man spotted Willie Sutton, an escaped criminal. He reported this information to the police, and it led to Sutton's arrest. Schuster was proclaimed a hero, but before a month was up Schuster was dead—murdered in reprisal for his part in Sutton's recapture. Schuster had done nothing more than phone the police.

The fact is that there *are* risks even in minimal forms of involvement, and it is dishonest to ignore them. One becomes involved with the police, with the general agents of publicity that swarm to such events, and possibly with the criminal. If the criminal is not caught immediately, there is the chance that he will learn who called the police (which apartment did they enter first, whose pictures are in the papers, etc.) and may fear that the caller can identify him. The caller, then, is of special concern to the criminal. If a trial is held, the person who telephoned is likely to be a witness. Even if he is jailed, the criminal may have underworld friends who will act to avenge him. One is a responsible citizen and a worthy human being, not because of the absence of risk but because one acts in the face of it.

In seeking explanations for their inaction, we have not intended to defend, certainly not to excuse, Kew Gardens' passive witnesses. We have sought, rather, to put ourselves in their place, to try to understand their response. The causes we have suggested are in no way sufficient reason for inaction. Perhaps we should have started with a more fundamental question: Why should anyone have gone to the aid of the victim? Why should anyone have taken the trouble to call the police? The answer must be that it is a matter of common decency to help those who are in distress. It is a humane and compassionate requirement in the relations between people. Yet how generally is it observed? In New York City it is not at all unusual to see a man, sick with alcohol, lying in a doorway; he does not command the least attention or interest from those who pass by. The trouble here, as in Kew Gardens, is that the individual does not perceive that his interests are identified with others or with the community at large. And is such a perception possible? What evidence is there in the American community that collective interests have priority over personal advantage?

There are, of course, practical limitations to the Samaritan impulse in a major city. If a citizen attended to every needy person, if he were sensitive to and acted on every altruistic impulse that was evoked in the city, he could scarcely keep his own affairs in order. A calculated and strategic indifference is an unavoidable part of life in our cities, and it must be faced without sentimentality or rage. At most, each of us can resolve to extend the range of his responsibilities in some perceptible degree, to rise a little more adequately to moral obligations. City life is harsh; still, we owe it to ourselves and our fellows to resolve that it be no more harsh than is inevitable.

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Drop Those Galoshes, Comrade

JUSTICE IN MOSCOW. By George Feifer. Simon & Schuster. 353 pp. $5.95.

Harold J. Berman

Mr. Feifer has given us a remarkably vivid portrait of Soviet life as it is reflected in the criminal courts. Based on his personal observation of dozens of Soviet trials, his book puts to shame the American journalists who have spent years in the Soviet Union without tapping this rich source of information about Soviet daily life. It also puts to shame many American specialists on Soviet affairs who have minimized the importance of law not only as a means of regulating Soviet society but also as a mirror of the relationships between the Soviet citizen and his government.

Readers should not, however, look to Mr. Feifer's exciting vignettes of Soviet trials for a full analysis of Soviet law; much that would be needed for such an analysis is consciously omitted, and much that is included will be misleading to the nonexpert. What is authentically depicted here is old Russia, its "strength, simplicity and endurance," its "human tragedy, official severity and personal compassion." These qualities are presented not as abstractions but in the dramatic context of confrontation between Soviet criminal offenders and Soviet courts — a confrontation mediated by prosecutor, defense counsel, witnesses and, to a certain extent, spectators, with the legal profession as a whole, the press and the Communist Party in the background.

There is, for example, the case of Kondakov, a stitcher in the Red Hero Factory, who reported for work on the night shift drunk and was caught attempting to leave with a pair of the factory's galoshes stuffed under his jacket. He is charged with "petty theft of state property." The judge, a spinsterish woman in her 40s, is more interested in his past record than in the details of the crime. He has previously been reprimanded several times for intoxication at the factory, and has been sentenced once for "petty hooliganism." Also he has recently been without a job for four months. To one character witness who speaks up for Kondakov, the judge says: "Such people have got to be taken under control, they have got to be shown. He drinks, he fails to appear at work, he creates scandals. . . . Well, we have a job to do: the people of Moscow need shoes and the Red Hero is trying to supply them. We don't have to put up with people who deliberately stand in the way." Kondakov's wife, sobbing, a baby in her arms, interrupts: "You are twisting everything to the worst. He is a good man, not a thief." "An honest man does not put galoshes under his coat," says the judge. The sentence: one year in a labor colony.

There is the case of Chernov, a truck driver who, while blind drunk, beat his wife to death; yet he testifies that he loved her and cannot remember having done the brutal deed. The judge asks him: "What was your *purpose* in life? Isn't it true that you never gave anything serious attention except perhaps drink? You switched jobs, you switched interests, you *drifted*. Where were you headed? What were you doing to improve yourself and Soviet society?" A "social" prosecutor appears in the case, representing the public. She states that the "collective" at Chernov's place of work discussed the case thoroughly at a general meeting and instructed her to ask the court to apply the death sentence. Defense counsel insists that Chernov did not know what he was doing when he killed his wife. Exercising his right to have the "last word" before the court retires, Chernov says: "I deserve to be shot. I beg the court to spare my life. And nothing more." The sentence: death by shooting.

One of Feifer's most lively accounts concerns Kusin, director of the railroad restaurant-buffet at Yaroslavskii station who, with thirty other employees, is charged with a conspiracy to dilute the cocoa and coffee sold to the public, then pocket the proceeds of the extra sales. In this way quite considerable sums of money were divided up in varying proportions among everyone from director to cleaning women. The intricacy and confusion of the trial, with numerous lawyers popping up to challenge the testimony of each defendant as he implicated the others, is vividly captured by Mr. Feifer. "It was a stupendous extravaganza," he writes. "For six weeks thirty-one defendants, represented by twenty-two lawyers, confessed in detail, denied everything, incriminated and contradicted one another, bemoaned their drunken husbands and difficult lots, blamed the higher-ups and 'the system,' promised to reform, giggled and wept, and somehow laid bare a ring of nicely organized, smooth-working socialist illegality." Ultimately they were all convicted. Kusin was sentenced to ten years in a labor colony, and the other thirty defendants were given a total of 117 years.

Mr. Feifer's attitudes toward these and the many other cases he recounts are mixed. His sympathies, he admits, are naturally with the accused — although almost all of them were clearly guilty and freely admitted it. He is shocked by the severity of the sentences. Above all, he is disturbed by the self-righteousness of the judges and prosecutors, and mystified by the illogicality of their argument that crime in a Socialist society is the result only of personal shortcomings and not at all of the social environment. At the same time, he admires the emphasis in Soviet criminal proceedings on "the whole man," and on the educational role of the court; he admires the informality of Soviet trials, which he contrasts with the excessive technicality of American court procedure; he admires the Soviet and Continental European emphasis upon the leading role of the judge in examining witnesses, which he contrasts with the "sporting theory" of the Anglo-American adversary system. Mr. Feifer never makes it clear, and is possibly himself unaware, that these vices and virtues (as he sees them) of Soviet criminal law are opposite sides of the same coin: they go together.

Similarly, too sharp a contrast is drawn between the law and other aspects of Soviet life. At the end of his book, Mr. Feifer expresses regret that his professional interests (as a graduate student in political science he

Harold J. Berman, professor of law at Harvard University, is the author of several books on Soviet law; his Justice in the U.S.S.R. *(Harvard University Press) was recently reissued in a revised, enlarged edition.*

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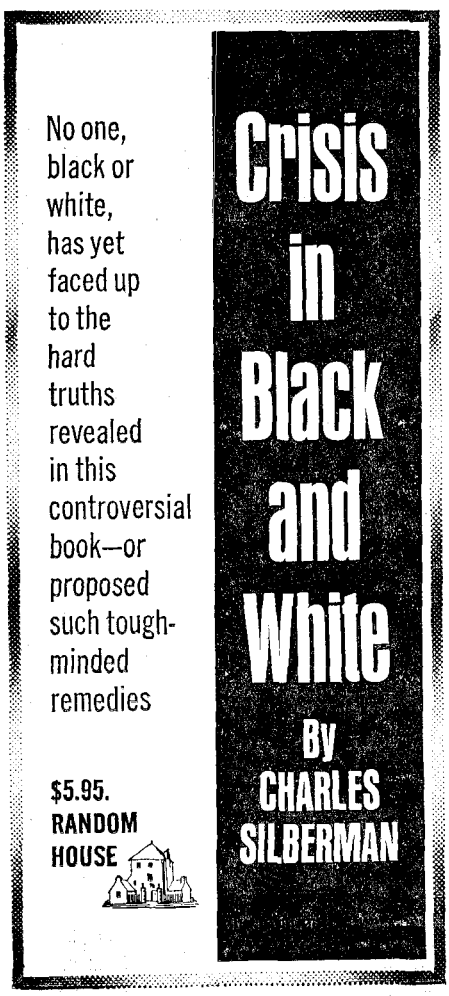
spent most of the year 1962 studying at Moscow University under the U.S.-USSR Cultural Exchange agreement) led him to Moscow's courts. "Looking at a city through its dark sides can produce discolored images," he writes. "I hope a Soviet visitor who spends his time in a Federal District Court or in the Old Bailey will not come away thinking he has unlocked the soul of 'bourgeois society.'" He then recounts briefly his experience of "the spirit of ordinary Moscow life outside the courts":

I lived with young Russians, joining their pleasures at home and in the city. And it was here that my preconceptions about "Soviet" were farthest wrong. For all my years in Soviet studies, I had the palest notion about how Muscovites live, *about the ordinary satisfactions of ordinary people. Too little about parks, pensions, prices (of things like books, theater, housing and transportation), promotion of learning and self-improvement, participation in athletics and dancing, principles of full employment, medical care, free education, subsidized vacations — about the hundreds of big and little measures taken by the national and city fathers to make their children happy, without the cheap thrills of commercialism. And too little about Russians' appreciation of these measures, about their patriotism, dignity and self-confidence.*

This is fine. But almost all these "ordinary satisfactions" are also part of Soviet law, provided for in legislation and enforced by administrative and judicial agencies. Criminal law is only one aspect of legal protection in the welfare state. There is also civil law, and Mr. Feifer recounts a few civil cases but the reader of his book would be surprised to learn that over 80 per cent of all cases in the Moscow courts are civil cases. Administrative law, and administrative protection against abuses of personal rights by officials, are still other aspects, mentioned by Mr. Feifer but not dealt with in detail. Soviet law, viewed as a whole, with its harshness and its beneficence, its cynicism and its idealism, is indeed more of a mirror of Soviet life than Mr. Feifer, at the end of his book, is willing to admit.

"I met no young Russians excited by the law," Mr. Feifer writes. "Law as a precious achievement, a distillation of human intellect, reason and compassion, a protector of rights and dignity, 'due process,' 'equal protection,' 'the rule of law' — this side of it was missing." This statement and others like it are contradicted by his own accounts of conversations with lawyers and judges, as it is contradicted by the Russians' pride in their Socialist system. This reviewer, who was in Moscow for a year at the same time as Mr. Feifer, knew many Russians, young and old, who were excited by the law and saw it in terms of "due process" and "equal protection" (though never as a means of control of the top political leadership).

But Mr. Feifer has given us a fascinating close-up of Soviet trials, and it is perhaps unfair to criticize him for not presenting them in a more adequate perspective. *Justice in Moscow* is an interesting, spirited, valuable book, written with great honesty and generosity.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RANDOM HOUSE
Crisis in Black and White
By CHARLES SILBERMAN

Victims of Anomie

SUICIDE AND SCANDINAVIA. By Herbert Hendin, M.D. Grune & Stratton. 153 pp. $4.75.

David Horowitz

The title of this study should have a reassuring ring to some American readers, suggesting as it does a natural link between "the welfare state" and self-destruction. But this match, so handy for political purposes, proves on closer inspection to be mythological.

In the first place, as Dr. Hendin begins his study by explaining, there are three different suicide rates in Scandinavia (excluding Finland). One of them, Norway's, is actually lower than the rate in the United States, and less than half those of the other two countries. Denmark has the highest rate of the three, yet it is no higher than that of Switzerland or Austria. The rate in West Berlin, on the other hand, is one and a half times that of Denmark, three times that of the United States and four times that of Norway.

Secondly, the high Danish rate predates both industrialization and the advent of the welfare state; it has, in fact, remained relatively constant since the turn of the century. In Sweden, where the rate is only slightly lower than in Denmark, there has been a significant rise since industrialization but none since the introduction of welfare measures. All in all, the figures simply don't support the notion that people bored with the good life will do away with themselves. (Suicide, in any case, is a more dynamic act than the popular view imagines.)

These statistics have been known for a long time. It is Dr. Hendin's investigation of the psychodynamics of Scandinavian suicide which offers new material and, to a certain degree, a new dimension in our understanding of the phenomenon of suicide in general. His main goal in undertaking this study is to explain the disparity of the suicide rates in three countries which are so closely related geographically and culturally.

In Denmark, Dr. Hendin was struck by the way in which suicide was brandished as a threat by people, with the implication that it would inflict suffering on *others*. Dr. Hendin locates what he believes to be the root of this phenomenon in the disciplinary technique most widely used by Danish mothers, which involves a similar arousal of guilt. A Danish

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mother disciplines her child by letting the child know how hurt she is and how badly she feels at the child's behavior. Thus the Dane learns early the technique of using his own suffering to arouse guilt in others and with it, a way to insure the gratification of his aggressive desires. These desires assume added importance because Danes are also taught to control and suppress aggression. Moreover, according to an informative if exaggerated epigram, Danes can be divided into two groups: "those who are looking for someone to take care of them and those who are looking for someone to take care of." This unique form of dependency also closes off positive avenues of aggressive expression and creates the basic vulnerability to suicide as a way to this release. In Denmark, "the most common situation which may precipitate a suicidal act is . . . a dependency loss through death, separation or divorce, or most often through the deterioration of a personal relationship."

Unlike Danes, the Swedes do not encourage dependence in their children. On the contrary, the early separation of mother and child, which stimulates anger in the child and deflates his self-esteem, combines with "affective deadening" (the proverbial Swedish coldness) to provide an equally fertile, if different, soil for suicide. For the Swedish male, competitive performance is an acceptable outlet for his aggression and also a salve for his self-esteem. But because of "rigid expectations for his own performance," he becomes "vulnerable to self-hatred and suicide" should he fail.

Swedish women also suffer from low self-esteem because of the early separation from their mothers. This can be restored by a stable relation with a man. But, however unlikely it may seem to foreigners, Swedish men tend to exhibit an indifference toward their women, which is reinforced by the women's own low opinion of themselves. Many Swedish women suicides are the direct result of the infidelity of Swedish husbands.

In Norway, which has the lowest of the suicide rates, independence is encouraged in children, thus avoiding the dangerous Danish dependency relation. On the other hand, the Norwegian mother is emotionally involved with her child, as the Swedish mother, according to Dr. Hendin, is not. In contrast to the Swedish child, moreover, the Norwegian child is not expected to suppress his emotions. Unlike Danes, Norwegians do not use the arousal of guilt as a major method of discipline. "Norwegian women are not preoccupied with the necessity of holding their men as Swedish women are" and "the Norwegian demands for success and achievement are far less rigid than those of Swedish patients." These differences, and particularly "the ability of Norwegians to feel justifiably angry" which "precludes the retroflexion of anger . . . so characteristic of Danish and Swedish patients," serve to explain the low incidence of suicide in Norway as compared with Denmark and Sweden.

Despite the cogency with which these theses are presented, and the painstaking analysis which underlies them, Dr. Hendin's book fails to convince. It fails because it does not fulfill its initial promise: to go beyond the narrowly psychological approach by treating suicide as a psycho-*social* phenomenon. Early in the book he declares that he aims to define the psychosocial character in the three Scandinavian countries in the hope that differences along that line will explain the different rates. A psychosocial analysis is essential, he insists, because a single character trait will "vary in psychodynamic significance from culture to culture." But Dr. Hendin does not really explore the way in which social and cultural institutions affect the individual's development and personality.

Among the socially significant factors which his book fails to mention is the predominance of a capitalist market economy in all three countries. There is also the existence of a vestigial class system, including an aristocracy which — despite the best efforts of the Social-Democratic governments — has remained quite significant and in some ways vicious in its influence on social life.

Dr. Hendin tells us that Scandinavian statistics on the social situation of suicides are so extensive that "the point of diminishing returns has long since been reached," yet we are given almost none of this information in his study. He does not even present the relevant social information about the twenty-five patients he studied intensively in each country, or the 200 patients and nonpatients on whom he bases his psychosocial character portraits.

What makes these omissions serious is that so much work on the so-

TIME LONGER THAN ROPE

A History of the Black Man's Struggle for Freedom in South Africa

by Edward Roux

This is an intensely felt account of an important period in the history of race relations—a highly personal and direct chronicle of the political history of the black man in South Africa, the battles he has waged, the organizations he has built, and the personalities that have taken part in the struggle. The author is a white South African who was an active participant in many of the events described. His book is especially valuable to the historian because it is written from the perspective of the unenfranchised majority, and contains material available in no other published source.

The success of the anti-colonial revolution throughout the world has created a situation in which South Africa becomes an epitome of a world clash between the white "haves" and the black "have-nots." In this situation outside pressures multiply and it becomes difficult to isolate happenings in South Africa from world affairs. The author feels that the black man in South Africa must eventually attain his freedom, but he hopes that this will not involve displacement of the white from the southern part of the continent where they have lived and multiplied for 300 years.

488 pages $6.50

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ciological factors associated with suicide has already been done by Durkheim (whom Dr. Hendin duly mentions and then forgets) and his followers. No attempt is made by Dr. Hendin to correlate his findings with Durkheim's (for example, the tendency of the suicide rate to be higher among the upper social classes) and hence to prove the superiority or even workability of his own variables: Is the pattern of child rearing similar for all social classes in Scandinavia? Does the variation in suicide rates correlate with a variation in these patterns? Such omissions are fatal flaws in a study which purports to avoid the incompleteness of the psychological orientation by adding a sociological dimension.

The source of Dr. Hendin's difficulty seems to be a rather limited conception of precisely what this dimension entails. He fails to go beyond the family, a smattering of literary examples and a few very vague generalizations about economic factors. Reading Dr. Hendin's report, one wonders whether it is really plausible to seek for the Swedish social character in the novels of Per Lagerkvist and the films of Ingmar Bergman, rather than in the tabloids (the largest Scandinavian newspaper has much the same "news" content as the New York *Daily News*), the Americanized rock 'n' roll subculture and the grade B movies (which are what Swedes, in contrast to foreigners, usually see).

Similarly, one remains deeply dissatisfied with Dr. Hendin's choice of "competitiveness" as representing the distinctive trait of advanced industrial economies. These are *not* merely industrial economies; they are capitalist economies, and the distinctive feature of capitalism is not competitiveness—a necessary feature of any economy founded on scarcity (although it may assume diverse forms)—but alienation. Historically, capitalism means the collapse of genuine social bonds and their replacement by what Carlyle called "the cash nexus," by market relations which are atomistic, exploitative and fluctuating.

In a capitalist context, with no effective social purpose binding men and underlying their social relations, society becomes, in Durkheim's phrase, "a disorganized dust of individuals." Individuals live more and more in the condition which Durkheim designated *anomie:* a lack of genuine social bonds, of meaningful, structured social life. It was *anomie* which, according to Durkheim, lay at the source of the enormous increase in suicide rates in the nineteenth century.

Dr. Hendin's silence on the relevance of Durkheim's analysis of *anomie* to the problem of Scandinavian suicide makes it impossible for his study to answer the real question which the suicide phenomenon raises for the welfare state. For the fact that welfare measures have not affected the suicide rate can be seen in two lights: one, as a reaffirmation of the benefits of the welfare concept, and on the other hand, as an indication of the limits of the welfare promise.

No American visitor can help but be impressed by the nonviolent tenor of Scandinavian life, the hopefulness exuded by order itself. More significant than the fact that the Swedish-Danish suicide rate stands as twice that of the United States is the fact that the American homicide rate remains *ten times* that of Scandinavia. The welfare state has also meant the end of slums, the humaneness and rationality of the law, the care of old people, the general absence of anxiety about loss of income resulting from ill health, a sane social view of problems like alcoholism and homosexuality, a striking decrease in infant mortality rates—in short, a generally intelligent and decent approach to the task of running a social order. (Those who peddle the fraudulent view that a high suicide rate must accompany these accomplishments are helping to subvert the possibility of America's following the Scandinavian course and thereby arresting some of the violence and social chaos which are making increasing headway in this country. For Scandinavia, as we have noted, is still a capitalist enclave—in Sweden, for example, 90 per cent of production is private—and at least in this limited sense a model of what could be practical for the U.S.

At the same time, economic wealth in the Scandinavian countries remains primarily in the hands of small, self-interested and class-conscious segments. The direction of the life activity of communities is mainly the prerogative of amoral and exploitative market forces, and therefore the genuine communal bonds tend to be tenuous and few. For all its welfare agencies and managed prosperity, Scandinavian society remains a "disorganized dust of individuals." The welfare structures are admirably equipped to treat, and in some measure alleviate, the human misery which an alienated industrial society casts up, but they have failed to transform the quality of social life itself, and thereby to attack such problems at the roots.

David Horowitz, who lived in Sweden for a year, is the author of Student (*Ballantine*), *a sociological study; he is presently writing a book to be entitled* Buber and Marx: The Roots of Alienation.

June 29
Special Book Section

Reviews of recent books on the American Negro: the viewpoints of militant Negroes, moderate Negroes, militant whites, white Southerners, black Jews, white Jews; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the first Negro heavyweight champion, new Negro poetry, race and the Communist Party.

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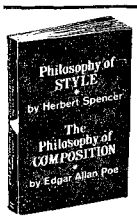

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ART

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE MODERN

Before one can detect a responsiveness to aesthetic issues (as distinguished from a gifted eye) in the work of a photographer, it must be proved that he had, not merely an awareness of the history of his craft, but self-consciousness as an artist. Since as late as about the 1920s, most men in the field wrongly could not conceive of photography as art, the evolution of this medium couldn't fail to be discontinuous and confused. How, for instance, does one organize a gallery survey which is designed to reveal the character and accomplishment of photography from its inception? What are the criteria of development?

These are the very good questions to which the staff of the photography department of the newly reopened and enlarged Museum of Modern Art have addressed themselves in their inaugural show. Or rather shows, for there are two separate affairs, even if they sometimes overlap and cover the same material: Grace Mayer's presentation in the Edward Steichen Photography Center, and Director John Szarkowski's temporary "The Photographer's Eye" on the ground floor (the former installed by Rene D'Harnancourt, the latter by Kathleen Haven).

If two different principles are at work here, they at least have in common their inability to impose a grand view on the products of the camera. Aside from technological changes and differences of locale and period, photographic shifts in vision are extremely subtle as well as chaotic. Photography is utterly foreign to the atmosphere of the Modern's assertive and mutually opposing galleries of Cubism, Surrealism and Expressionism, or to the displays given over to the pungent temperaments of individual masters such as Matisse, de Chirico and Picasso. It may have been in an effort to find a progressive order, and thus to parallel the development of modern art, that Grace Mayer organized photography into such sections as "Record Makers," "Romanticism," "New Images" and "Human Document." A contrasting thesis is suggested by Mr. Szarkowski, who groups photographs by such topics as "The Thing Itself," "The Detail," "The Frame," "Time Exposure" and "Vantage Point." The one approach assumes as its theme successive approaches to subject matter; the other, variety in the functions and the handling of the medium itself.

Both methods are legitimate in principle, but in practice they can do little more than vaguely indicate the problematic nature of photography. For one thing, "Romanticism" as a category does not necessarily correspond to the state of mind of the camera men gathered under it (e. g., the early Stieglitz, Kasebier), nor does it serve as a stylistic description. In addition, the exhibition itself disproves the exclusiveness of its divisions by the similarity of the pictures they present. Much of the treatment in the "Record Makers" (mid-nineteenth century), or in the prints of Jacob Riis, a contemporary of the "Romanticist" Stieglitz, is indistinguishable from that in "Human Document" (say the Farm Security Administration Project photographs of the thirties).

Recognizing these difficulties, John Szarkowski's exhibition emphasizes the strictly creative potentialities of photography. Since photographers, in the main, were disinherited from tradition, had few common principles, and were obliged to advance by trial and error, the quality of their choices —mechanical, optical, compositional —becomes extremely important. But such choices, which once again are not exclusive in any single career, do not inevitably point out intent in photography. (At most, they indicate its range.) This medium, which allows the most explicit record of the visual world we have, can still evoke the most wide and contradictory interpretations. One needs no further proof of its modernity than that.

But its artistry is another matter. More even than painting, it is not so much *by* the photographer's eye, but *in* that of the beholder that the experience is decisively shaped. Who knows now what expressive purpose, if any, guided the lens of Atget to give us his remarkable still-life portrait of *fin de siècle* Paris? What is certain is that for eyes which have seen de Chirico, Atget's images are not the same as they were for their author. Nor it is possible to look on Muybridge in the same way after having seen the Futurists, or better still, Bacon or Warhol. The fact, too, that Rauschenberg now silk screens all manner of journalistic photographs into his pictures, as if they were concrete objects, subtly changes the meaning and impact of camera work in our lives. The aesthetic or non-aesthetic uses to which photographs have been put — by some of today's painters — are as unscrupulous as they are exciting.

Still, all this is a more perceptive, intensified reflection of what the normal spectator does quite naturally at every moment. Photography's chief characteristic is its malleability—the way it can suggest any meaning, or none at all. I am as unsympathetic to those who would elevate photography to the immutable status of "high" art as I am to those who regard it as a mere process of transcription or information. Contemporary painting, in constantly extending its boundaries to include presences that don't look like "art," shows that neither position is tenable, and that photography is a limitless source of life's raw material —charged by the contradiction that what it presents is simultaneously vicarious and extremely graphic.

Yet this hardly establishes a claim

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for the priority of certain motifs and directions in photography over painting. Rather, the tendency of photographers has been frequently to ape the painters. In the infancy of the camera (as in any new mechanistic process), effects of the adjacent medium, in this case the posed composition, were consciously striven after. Similarly, as Edgar Wind pointed out, some of the earliest printed books imitated illuminated manuscripts. But for all the initial embarrassment about the mechanical as such, these processes inevitably went on to become extremely liberating influences in their own right. In Nadar and Brady, the independence of the photographic image was achieved by a dignity and power that transcended its reportorial function. Moreover, the historical allure of their work intensifies with the passage of time. One's response to this embalmed transience, so quintessentially photographic, is always heartfelt, even if only the greatest masters can make it seem more than gratuitous.

The next and far more sophisticated *rapprochement* between photography and painting came at about the turn of the century. Mist-shrouded, unfocused or chemically blurred photographs were attempts to sponge out the immediacy of the camera, and to gain a poetic resonance which was the stock in trade of a branch of Symbolist painting. This was one of those episodes in which an expressive daring—when not mere commercial status seeking—proved as much a limitation as an extension of a medium's possibilities. Just the same, the photo-pictures which issued from it have been too much maligned. Aside from their period flavor, Steichen's prints of the sculpture of Rodin, for instance, have a great delicacy and mystery, the graininess of the photographic tissue becoming sensuous in itself.

More important, with the advent of ever faster and more sensitive film, as well as miniature cameras, the whole problem of movement in still photography was broached. Not by chance was this the mechanically ingenious era which gave birth to the movies. In retrospect, the cinema seems to have affected photography in much the same way that photography originally affected painting—that is, the newer development freed the older one to return more confidently to some of its special qualities, and at the same time refreshingly opened a greater range of vision. The time exposure, for example—in which the dog next to the Union soldier moved—ceased to be a ghostly double-image accident, and became an intrinsic feature of photographic vision. As such, it established an entirely new convention of looking, in which even the movies themselves could not participate. One of the marvelous lens men in this respect was Lartigue, who photographed pre-World War I France with a speed and antic gaiety which is recalled only by the Truffaut of *Jules et Jim*. In fact, when Truffaut suddenly introduces a still shot in his film, the effect is very much like Lartigue's action photos: the poignant displacement of mobility by immobility lends to the most candidly caught sensations a maximum tension, a breathless permanence. It is the decisive turning point in the sensibility of photography.

From this has stemmed one of the great paradoxes of the medium. An unalerted reality, shot on the wing, so to speak, may be simultaneously read as the utmost in documentary observation, or as a strange new form of abstraction. Interpretations of that startling time-exposed image in which a foot issues from a transparent blur, can go in either direction. As for the explosion of foamy drool at the ship christening, it seems at once perfectly ordinary and never before seen. It is not merely that still photography, for all that a narrative may be implied, cannot ultimately tell a story. The explanation for the ambiguity of the photographic presence, rather, is that it constantly jeopardizes our notion of reality by opposing the impersonal, unbiased evidence of a light sensitized film to the unconsciously selected data processed by the human retina, and that to arrest the flux of the natural world is in large measure to change its character. One expects discrepancies between the seen and the re-created in painting; but in photography there is usually no such ritual allowance, for which reason the divergent results of the camera often have a sinister fascination. Exactly because the level of recognizability in photographs is so high, their random and accidental lapses from that level form a very keen-edged exploration into the unknown.

When, during the First World War with Coburn, and not long thereafter with Man Ray and Moholy-Nagy, an attempt was once again made to bring photography abreast of contemporary painting, the effort seemed sadly misguided. Though Ray and Moholy were highly gifted visually, their transformation of photographic form into the nonrepresentational (photograms, solarizations, etc.) could only reveal the inferiority of the optical and material resources of photography when directly compared with those of painting. Besides, the basic dialectic of the medium—its mendacious candor—was avoided.

Since then, twentieth-century photography has not suffered from a lack of self-consciousness. The work of Cartier-Bresson, Robert Frank, William Klein, Evans, Doisneau, Weston, Strand and Adams, to name only a few, shows great sophistication and talent. But it also reveals that control and manipulative facility are not always rewarded. "Form in photography," as one critic said, "is reluctant to become content." The careful rendition of values, or balancing of masses, can be as much a cliché as the abandonment of calculated composition in favor of the "decisive moment."

All this is fairly well known. A considerably more obscure subject remains the question of judging photographs. How do you tell the good from the bad, especially when the factors of decision and intention not merely operate differently than in painting, but may work *against* quality? Or how does one discriminate when the real source of interest is in subject matter, or some equally circumstantial condition? No ready answers come to mind, and this perhaps causes the aesthetic situation in photography to be extremely fluid. Alarmingly, but justifiably, anything goes. Photography from the beginning—and long before this fluidity was realized in art—posed the problem of a medium in which the artistic and the mechanical were ineffably mingled. Our currently growing sensitivity to the machinelike as a form of expression, and to the possibilities of the impersonal and chance-ridden, makes for a certain permissiveness toward the photograph. From this attitude we sanction those works in which the impersonal and random remain themselves and yet are eluded, works which inexplicably are thought to rise above an old convention or to establish a new one. The rest are painlessly and usefully forgotten in the mass of visual images which deluge society.

MAX KOZLOFF

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THEATRE

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES
FADE OUT — FADE IN
THE KNACK

To some extent, I share a prejudice with the scene designer Boris Aronson who insists that he doesn't care for "plays about relatives." That is how he refers to domestic drama. Frank Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses* is such a play (Royale).

Yet within its modest limits it works. Humorous, sentimental, gently tearful, it is touching. Gilroy, who wrote *Who'll Save the Plowboy?*, produced at The Phoenix two years ago, is a man of talent; he is also a craftsman. In the somewhat conventional dramatic scheme of *The Subject Was Roses* — less bitter than was the former play — there exists a nice sense of human relationships. There is truth in it, observation and dialogue which eludes our sophistication. It occupies a place in that special category of popular entertainment which verges on art. The critical temptation with such plays is either to underestimate or to overestimate them. I enjoyed it.

My appreciation was enhanced in good measure by the acting and the delicate direction of Ulu Grosbard, who also directed William Snyder's *Beebee Fenstermaker* off-Broadway last season. He has a gift for making the depiction of mediocre people take on dignity. One follows them with sympathy, a feeling that they deserve more attention than we generally accord them.

Irene Dailey plays a mother caught in the trap of womanly sensibility constrained by narrow caution. The low-grade civilization of which she is a product does not permit the person she might be to emerge in grace. Miss Dailey handles the part with such unaffected realism as to give it poetry. To the role of her coffee-salesman husband, Irish Catholic citizen of the Bronx, Jack Albertson brings the right sort of vulgarity, a mixture of good will and obtuseness. One never knows with such men, if one can tolerate them at all, whether to kick or to embrace them. Martin Sheen is the youthful son caught in the meshes of his parents' misunderstandings. Young men usually escape such home situations either wounded with resentment or marred by softness. Sheen plays the boy with such admirable candor and ease that one feels he has a good chance of coming out right side up.

I detected what seems to me unwarranted severity in certain reactions to *Fade Out—Fade In*, the new Betty Comden-Adolph Green musical (Mark Hellinger). True, its score is negligible, but that holds for most of our musicals in the past ten years; there is no dancing worth notice and while the "story" is hackneyed, I am rarely struck by the novelty of musical-comedy plots. This one has a little "folksy" nostalgia for the legendary glamour of the bad old days of Hollywood's prosperity which, combined with a slightly mocking enthusiasm characteristic of Comden-Green, relieves the story of any oppressive gush or of an even more oppressive condescension.

The show moves with splendid dispatch. In it we find Lou Jacobi whose genial Jewish directness and ingenuousness in corruption is always thoroughly engaging, and Jo Tract, a strikingly attractive henna-haired girl in dazzling black décolleté. The central feature of the occasion however is Carol Burnett whom I have never before seen, though she has been widely acclaimed for some years now in the various entertainment media.

She is funny. Not funny with the oblique pathos and peculiar psychological intricacy of Barbra Streisand, nor with the blessed goofiness and surprised hurt of Carol Channing. Carol Burnett is a clown of distinction. She is essentially an intelligence. Like Streisand and Channing, Carol Burnett lacks the immediate physical appeal to which our advertising agencies have conditioned us. She has therefore accommodated herself to this deficiency by cultivating a benevolent feeling for the ridiculous. She never makes herself seem silly; she stands apart from the grotesqueries she bids us observe. She has breeding. She puts on no "airs," yet we recognize her superiority. There is nothing in the least pitiful or sad about her as there is, for all their success, about Streisand and Channing. Burnett makes us laugh at what both she and her audience, looking on from privileged positions, find ludicrous. She has a better voice than either Streisand (who sings more subtly), or Channing, who has almost none. Miss Burnett stands in the theatrical sun with cool, sweet hauteur; her comic gyrations are part of a game which she is too much the lady to belittle.

An unostentatiously good-looking and comfortable off-Broadway house recently built—The New Theatre at 154 East 54 Street—has opened with a likely play called *The Knack*. Its author, Ann Jellicoe, now 36, wrote the play about three years ago. It is a ripple in that "new wave" of English writing which has enlivened the London stage since 1956. To say the least, it is fun.

I identify it in this unassuming fashion because, as with many plays of its kind, there is a temptation to treat it as esoteric. It might be preferable, to begin with, to view *The Knack* strictly as entertainment—as one might judge an extended but on the whole well sustained revue sketch.

The subject is sex: the sex of the British "bohemian" middle class. Sex, unrelated to love or passion, has lat-

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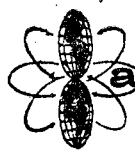

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terly become an obsession with the English. I do not mean there is "more" of it now than at any other time, but that a fascination with the discussion of sex even more insistent than indulgence in it, has become ever more prevalent since the war. There is little that is morbid in this, little that is even sensuous; it is for the most part facetious. It is a symptom of a social transformation, a break away from rather than a breakdown of old class restrictions and phobias.

There are three young men in *The Knack*. One appears "neutral," either because he has arisen above sex or is incapable of rising to it: he is characterized by a certain asperity of intelligence. Another is eager for the experience of sex but utterly inept at it through intimidation. The third has become expert in its pursuit through a basic lack of feeling. With him it is a kind of professional interest to pass the time in a world in which nothing more substantial exists. The locale of the play is a bare room being haphazardly painted, though it looks as though no one has the slightest intention of ever furnishing it. Into this vacuum comes a 17-year-old girl, fresh and fat from the provinces. She fears and craves the advances of practically any (or all) three fellows. She is ignorant, dense and utterly natural, both predictable and unpredictable: in a word altogether *ready* for the seduction which she will call rape. There are several determined assaults on her virtue, followed by retreats, thwarted skirmishes, renewed forays and finally no consummated action.

The play is what the French might call a clown show; it never states a case. It is "crazy"; yet its characters' eccentricity—for example when three of them enact the playing of a piano on a bedspring—is not so remote from the actual behavior of young folk today who will beguile themselves in some such way to fill the emptiness of the hours.

The talk is both terse and loose, epigrammatic and repetitive, extravagant and dry, pointed and inane. We laugh and at the same time ask ourselves, "Where are we?" We are here and now, very much in the midst of today's bewilderment (especially in certain English circles): sportive, "civilized," spiritually null and void. There is a faint odor of homosexuality on the premises.

The play has something of Harold Pinter's weird bleakness, together with the variety-hall travesty of London's "Crazy Gang." It hovers about the Theatre of the Absurd but never really enters.

Finally it is a clever stage piece. It lives on action—sound, speech and movement—all of it zany yet never less than lucid. One need not concern oneself how "good" the play is nor how seriously one has to take it. As spoof or symbol it has unmistakable merits.

The production is brilliantly directed by Mike Nichols and the cast is excellent. Brian Bedford in the tart humor of his indifference, Roddy Maude-Roxby in his numbskull naïveté, George Segal in a studied and somehow stupid sexual aggressiveness are all first rate. But Alexandra Berlin in her maddening innocence, as deceptive as guile, is perhaps the best. By total involvement in, and seemingly unconscious abandon to, the lunacy of the commonplace, Miss Berlin achieves the wholeness of a true creation.

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Pension Mirage

(*Continued from page 599*)

long-term, older employees — and multi-employer plans. The trouble is that large groups of employees, caught in mass layoffs, do not have sufficient service (ten, fifteen or even twenty years) *and* the requisite age (typically 40, 45 or even 50 and 55) to meet vesting conditions. Moreover, vesting as now practiced, means high administrative cost and low benefits subject to erosion by inflation. And while multi-employer plans are some improvement, because an employee who spends his working life in one industry can carry his credits from one employer to another, they are no help at all when the industry is declining, as the plight of the mine workers so pathetically attests.

Private employment-based pension plans were called into being to supplement a sadly inadequate social security retirement program. Since 1950, OASI has only just kept pace with inflation. Hence, private-plan supplements are still needed and will continue to be. Hence, also, they clearly require some basic redesigning. What we need, in essence, is a pension system which allows an employee to obtain at least some of the value implicit in every year of pension credits he earns, and to carry it with him to any future job. Although there have been timid calls for "portable pensions," all such proposals are based upon the kind of vesting described, with shortcomings even beyond those sketched.

What I urge is a national clearing house to facilitate the transfer of pension credits as employees move from job to job throughout their career. The clearing house could be operated as an all-public or an all-private affair, or under one of several public-private arrangements. It should offer a master group-plan for small companies, which find it burdensome and costly to cover their employees—and rarely do so. This will become a matter of growing importance as the service trades, in which small firms are common, account for an ever larger portion of the work force.

The details of a national scheme are complex, the problems many—but they are all manageable. To get started, we need awareness of the problem and sufficient concern to seek solutions. We have lacked both.

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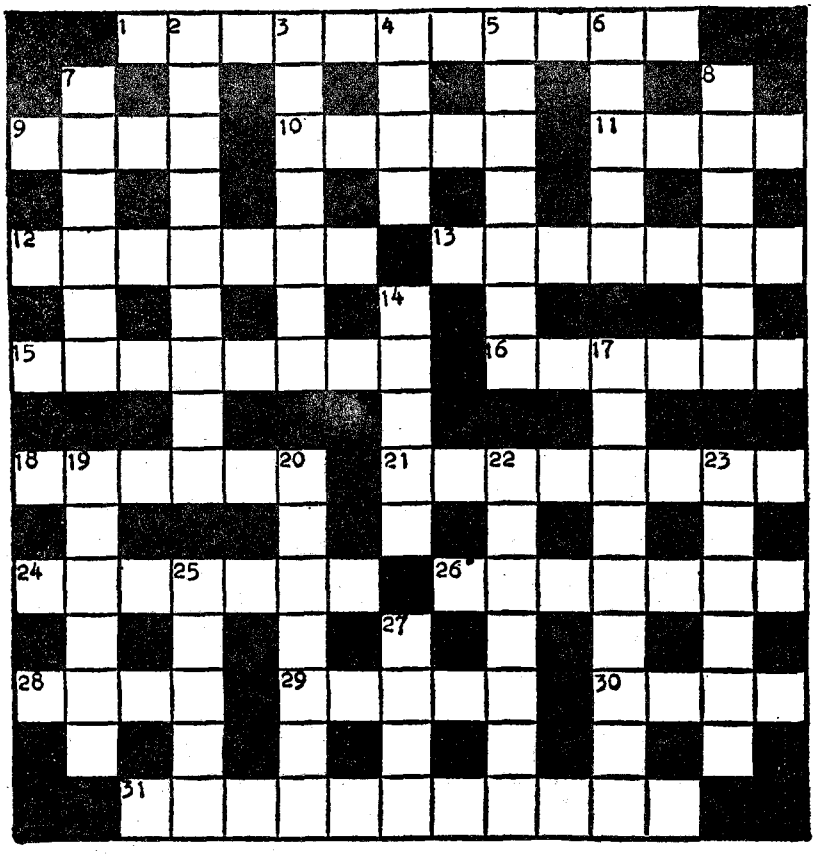
Crossword Puzzle No. 1063

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Check the vocabulary I use, as a word of warning. (4, 2, 5)
9 and 11 Light mail, possibly, or just a standard of electricity. (8)
10 Is the cow more depressed? (5)
12 Foreign money is likely to be associated with Assisi. (7)
13 Altogether, it's not her following a different thing! (7)
15 An odd fellow? Even more so, but you probably wouldn't recognize him. (8)
16 Take up space or time. (6)
18 Be fierce and cruel, as it happened. (6)
21 Always make a musical sound around it in parting. (8)
24 Proving the diaphragm is necessary, during a melodic phrase of swing. (7)
26 The noun certainly has to state things definitely! (7)
28 The prize type wouldn't be found in 29 and 30. (4)
29 and 30 The Great Diamond Robbery? (5, 4)
31 Many composers have written one crude attempt at what was associated with fostering Latin in school. (6, 5)

DOWN:

2 An attachment for a very quiet conclusion to our declining years?
3 What some speculators hope to make is a crime! (7)
4 Crafty suggestion of a southern address, if more than one is present? (4)
5 Hurried up to, first, and down to, finally, a strait place. (7)
6 Transplant flowers in the station?
7 Autoputrefaction, associated with a good view at night? (6)
8 Hornblower, for the young, was fast. (6)
17 A little body in the body. (9)
19 The angelic, it seems, have to draw. (6)
20 Sometimes coupled with 25 and 14 in the 28. (4, 3)
22 Extract that which leads, but not well, with a following. (7)
23 Most subtle. (6)
25 and 14 The correct move at bridge? (It might mean a count of ten.) (5, 5)
27 It's no picnic in outwitting banter.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1062

ACROSS: 5 and 21 down A stitch in time; 9 Tudor; 10 and 1 across No two ways about it; 12 Poinsettia; 14 and 19 Beetle-browed; 15 Captured; 17 Italians; 22 Dalmatians; 23 and 11 Dark room; 26 Pergolesi; 27 Ether; 28 Thyrsus; 29 Endures. DOWN: 1 After; 2 Old-rose; 3 Tern; 4 Tendon; 5 Antennas; 6 Two-seaters; 7 Tractor; 8 Husbanded; 13 Alligators; 14 Blind spot; 16 Insiders; 18 Allergy; 20 Weather; 24 Kurds; 25 Tend.

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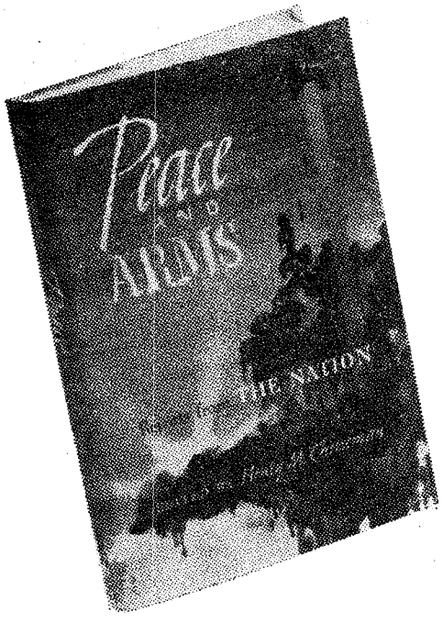

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